9.

THE Kentiſh MEN.

A SATYR.

OCCASION'D

By the late Treat at *Mercers* HALL, and the Publication of their Five ſeveral *Effigies.*

Written by a Commoner.

LONDON,
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THE PREFACE.

THe *deſign of the following Poem is ſo obvious to the Reader in the very Title, that a Preface would be altogether unneceſſary, had not the Authority of Cuſtom prevail'd ſo of late, that we may almoſt as ſoon meet with a Houſe without a Porch, as a Pamphlet without ſomething by way of Preamble to recommend, or excuſe it. For my part, I have nothing to ſay in Behalf of my Performance, any farther than I have taken all the pains I could for the Heart of me to be as witty as poſſible, and if I have done it* Invitâ Minervâ, *it is not to be laid to my fault, ſince I declare I have done my beſt for the time I had to lay out on Compoſitions of this Nature. And as for making Excuſes for treating any Perſon Scurvily, I muſt ask the Reader's pardon, as I am one of thoſe Commoners, of* England *that have ſeen our Repreſentatives us'd after a Worſe manner than poſſibly any of theſe Gentlemen can be, ſince they have done nothing but what is conſonant to Law, and agreeable to the High Power they*

are inveſted with. I confeſs it troubled me, that I ſhould have any occaſion for the preſent Satyr, but when Citizens run Horn mad, and provide ſplendid Entertainments for thoſe who have fall'n under the Cenſure of Parliaments on Purpoſe, to affront their Judges; When Ballads *are ſent abroad to make our Councellors look little in the Eyes of the world, at a time when the Affairs of* Europe *have receiv'd Life from their Reſolutions; and Noblemen think to get into Tradeſmen's Books by taking part with their Favourites, 'tis high Time to take Pen in hand, in Vindication of thoſe Senators who have Aſſerted the Privileges of Parliaments, and ſo bravely ſtood up for the Rights of the People, whoſe Protection they were entruſted with; and if I have done any thing that makes the leaſt return for what the Nation has receiv'd, it's all I ſeek for by the preſent Publication; if I have not, it's the fault of my Power, and not that of my Will.*

THE

THE

Kentish Men, &c.

WHen Men, for want of Courage and of Senſe,
Make what they ſeek the leaſt, their ſole pretence,
And idly to their ſhame Petitions draw,
That give Offence to Reaſon and to Law;
As they preſcribe to thoſe who bear the Rule,
And where they ſhould Obey, adviſe and ſchool,
'Tis time the Muſe ſhould in defence ariſe,
Of thoſe whoſe Actions ſpeak 'em Juſt and wiſe,
And Vindicate what has our Safeguard been,
From Goal-bird, Arrogance, and *Gate-houſe* Spleen.
And may the Muſe henceforth no ſuppliant find,
Nor Sacred Wreaths *Apollo's* Altars bind;
May Dullneſs reign perpetual in Eſteem,
And may my Verſe be thoughtleſs as my Theme,
If it permit ſuch bold unuſual Crimes,
To paſs unpuniſh'd in *Reforming* Times,
Tho' Citizen's ſeditious in Exceſs,
Whom they ſhould ſhun with Treats and Praiſe careſs,
Tho' Marquiſſes and Dukes at Table ſit,
And ſuit *their* want of Senſe with *Their's* of Wit.

Thou Goddeſs that doſt over *Kent* preſide,
Look down and ſee their Inſolence and Pride,
Behold thy Sons, and as thou oughtſt diſdain
A Race of Men ſo mutinous and vain,
Who for their Fears alone are Valiant thought,
And wiſe becauſe Impriſonment they ſought.
Are theſe thy darling Off-ſpring once thy boaſt,
That made invincible ſecur'd thy Coaſt,
That kept at diſtance an Invader's Harms,
And ſtop'd the progreſs of a Conquerour's Arms?
Or let the Land renounce its Ancient Fame,
Or ſuch Impertinents for Sons diſclaim,
That out of danger baſely call for Aid,
And make thy dauntleſs County firſt affraid.
While fearful of Invaſions from a far,
At home they meditate a Civil War,
And hatch Rebellion underneath a Zeal,
To ſave, and to promote the Common-Weal,
As they for Mutinies *moſt humbly* ſue,
And would revive the Crimes of *Forty Two.*
Nor ſhall *Auguſta's* ſcondrel Race eſcape,
Men ripe for Mutiny in any ſhape;
Ready for Change, impatient of Reſtraint,
Whether the *Sinner* governs or the *Saint*;
Whether Religion out of Door, or in,
'Tis certain they that Rule are Men of *Sin*,
And the Dull Fools from off their Compters run,
To grin, and growl, and ſnarl to be undone;
Eager to ruin what true Patriots ſave,
And to *deſtroy* the Pow'r they cannot *have*;

the Citty sons wish to have a War

While they, who laviſh of Rebellious Blood,
For Parliaments againſt their Monarch ſtood,
And Regal Innocence a Victim made,
To every execrable Cry of Trade,
Now turn the ſcales, and under the pretence,
Of doing right to Injur'd Innocence,
Are for diſplacing whom our Voices choſe,
And vote their *former* Friends their *preſent* Foes:
As againſt Parliaments their Venome falls,
And Healths to Rebels circulate their Halls.
Amidſt the reſt, the Chief in Impudence,
Tho' not ſuperlative in Wealth, or Senſe,
C—— ſhould firſt the Muſes Anger feel,
Confirm'd with Braſs, and Foreheaded with Steel;
Audacious in defence of any Cauſe,
That tends to alter Governments and Laws,
Either againſt the Church to ſhew his Hate,
Or tempt the Juſtice of an injur'd State.
Elſe had he not his want of Duty ſhewn,
And in his Heroes Faces grav'd his own;
As he for Lucre only puts to ſale,
What had been rightly drawn with each a Tail,
And publickly gives Loyal Minds offence,
By Billings-gateing Senators for Pence.
And handing round their Copies thro' the Town,
Whoſe dull *Originals* had ne're been known,
Had there not been far wiſer Men in *Kent*,
And they upon the ſenſeleſs Errand ſent,
That without *ſmoak*, prognoſticated *Fires*,
And Chriſt'ned them from *Yeomen* into *Squires*,

Since every Mortal may deſerve the Name,
That pays ſo *dearly* for ſo poor a Fame.
Next to this Wretch a meagre Knight appears,
Stamp'd with Hypocriſy from Infant Years,
Zealous, and Grave, Moroſs, infirm and old,
An *upright* Juſtice, and a Coll'nel *bold*,
Whether diſcharg'd Offender he perſuades,
And *Clerk* abroad begs Shillings for his *Maids*,
Or mounted on his *Peaceful* Steed, beſtrides
His Velvet Saddle, and to *Combat* rides,
Where Nonſence, and falſe Fire their charms diſplay,
And he that lead's the *Van* muſt win the Day;
As Citizens learn how to ſave their Lives,
And ſhew their Arms, get drunk, and beat their Wives.
Falſe are his Looks, and treacherous is his heart,
And deaf to the entreaties of Deſert:
Revengeful, Proud, Incorrigibly baſe,
And ne'er forgetting *Fees* if once in Place;
Hard of Acceſs, but when his Intereſt calls,
And Profit ask's admittance from his Walls,
Then he receives all affable and kind,
And his bent Body Skreens his crooked Mind,
While he performs the Courtier to the Life,
And ſeems as Complaiſant as is his Wife;
Whoſe Beautious Aſpect calls for nought but Praiſe,
And claims a Deference from the Keeneſt Lays;
Elſe had we wiſh'd, but impious are the Thoughts,
That Excellence like Her's could have its Faults;
She might have been ſuſpected, as ſhe can,
While Cuckold is the Name for Al———n,

And tho' her Vertue from ſuch Crimes deterrs,
Have been as wicked as this Spouſe of hers.
Others there are that have his Crimes purſu'd,
And factiouſly been turbulent and Rude,
Embrac'd Sedition with extended Arms,
And Cry'd out *To your Tents* with loud Alarms,
That juſt in ſhew and *righteous* in Pretence,
Will ſcarce vouchſafe to Speak to ſhew their Senſe,
To gain their Cauſe unwearied in their Care,
Long-winded Saints, and permonent in Pray'r.
That ſeem to walk, diſcourſe, and feed by Rule,
And act as All were temperate and Cool,
'Till Power obtain'd takes off the falſe diſguiſe,
And makes us know that they can Tyrannize.
As Honours undeſerv'd inflame their Brains,
And Mayoralities dilate their ſwelling Veins.
But Muſe keep off from Scandal and forbear,
Some of theſe Men have ſtept within the Chair,
Have Cough'd in Fur, and have on Cuſtards fed,
When thou perhaps haſt made a Meal of Bread.
Their Chiefs are Aldermen, their Rulers Knighted,
And their ſwoln Bags forbid'em to be ſlighted,
Their Husbands Active, and their Daughters Fair,
Or thou at leaſt muſt wiſely ſay they are;
Their Fathers Gentlemen, their Mothers ſound,
If thou wouldſt have no Bill againſt thee found,
For ev'n Sir *Barthol'mew*'s nor *Powis*'s Wit,
Can ſave a Poet from an Angry *Cit*.
Yet thou mayſt ſing what ſome have been, and dare,
Ev'n to deſcribe what others act and are,

Provided thou no *Quality* diſpleaſe,
At none 'bove Common Council Men's degrees
Amongſt the Chief of theſe a Babe of Grace,
Shews his *New Indian* ſanctimonious Face,
With Eyes uplifted he receives his Gueſts,
And Cants, and Wellcome's 'em to City Feaſts,
Which in all Parts might have been thought compleat.
Had but his *Clapham* Teacher bleſs'd the Meat;
Or *Titus Oats* with Anabaptiſt whine,
Pronounc'd them *Raſcals* all that would not *Dine*,
And vote thoſe *Saviours* too, that to their coſt,
Would try to *ſave*, what could not well be loſt;
Since Fleets at Sea ſecur'd the *Britiſh* Reign,
And rode triumphant o're the Subject *Main*,
Yet tho' his Treats had met with ſmall regard,
Within a certain honeſt City Ward,
That bravely to the Credit of their Choice,
Gave Merit their Eſteem, and Sence their Voice,
As Fowls and Wine and Pious Looks were vain,
And went without the *Gown* and *Golden Chain*;
Still he perſiſts *Euſebia* to oppoſe,
And ſides with thoſe that are the Churche's Foes,
That would envenome the good People's Hearts,
And Introduce Confuſion by their Arts;
Which ſlily gain the unthinking Crouds applauſe,
And timſel o're a foul and rotten *Cauſe*;
While Fools give Credit to their well-tim'd Lyes,
And thoſe turn Levellers that cannot riſe.
More Common-wealth's Men here might take their Place,
Down from ſeditious *T-----d* to his Grace,

Who

Who by his Preſence has eſpous'd their Shame,
And made him to revive his Father's Fame.
But as few Feaſts without a Parſon paſs,
As *Toaſter* to put round the merry Glaſs,
And forward the Conſumption of the Kind,
That was for Humane Nutriment deſign'd:
So 'twould be pitty not to ſing their Praiſe,
Who ſtood by thoſe that ſtood by *Means and Ways*,
And left dividing Texts, and ſaving Souls,
To ſlaughter Paſties, and to cut up Fowls.
A ſort of Men, that Lay Believers ride,
And o're their Senſe, and o're their Souls preſide,
Buſie to forward what muſt end in Strife,
And Mutinous for means to pamper life;
Tenacious of Opinions, if they pleaſe,
And ſerve to lengthen Luxury and Eaſe;
But ſhould they fail to feed the Double Chin,
Ev'n Sanctity it ſelf would be a Sin,
And Doctrines, which they Labour'd to purſue,
Seem *falſe* if once unprofitably true.
But theſe, ev'n theſe, who are *Euſebia's* ſhame,
Are ſtill her Son's, and may their *Birth-right* claim,
Their Habit caſts a Reverence on their Faults,
And we may ſee, but would not ſpeak our Thoughts,
Leaſt the whole Prieſthood ſuffer a diſgrace,
And ſome's Offence make Criminal the Race:
Whoſe high Profeſſion ſhould our Voices raiſe,
And make us leave their *Follies* for their *Praiſe*,
Since Learned *Hooper* makes the Church his Care,
And meekly fills the Venerable Chair,

Since

Since *Jane* and *Aldrich* with alternate Skill,
Ward off the Blows that mean Religion ill,
And *South* and *Beveridge* and *Iſham* ſtand,
To guard the Dame from *Sh----ck*'s threatning Hand;
And other Champions of her Worſhip ſhew,
Their Hearts are ſteady as their Faith is true.
But I ſhould not digreſſive Periods uſe,
Or from her proper Office keep the Muſe,
She came to laſh Offenders with her Lays,
And has no time to deviate into *Praiſe*;
Tho' ſuch a Theme might her excuſes make,
Since ſhe would be detain'd for Vertues ſake.
Then let her to her firſt Deſign return,
And vent her Stock of Hatred and of Scorn,
Againſt thoſe Repreſentatives of Fools,
That were Pick'd out to be their *County*'s Tools,
And ſent ſo many Miles in Goal to lye,
When their own *Maidſton*-Priſon was ſo nigh.
What tho' their CUTS are Grav'd in Copper Plates,
And *Cits* receive the Fools at *Mercer*'s Gates,
Tho' Coach and Six returns 'em to their Wives,
That came on Horſe-back up to ſave their Lives,
And every Cart-horſe in the County trots,
And friſks its Tail about, to meet the Sots;
While Pariſh-Prieſts Welcome their Worſhip's Home,
And dare not but thank God their ſafely come.
My Verſe ſhall ſet the Pictur'd Libel forth,
That ſhews its Authors ſcarcity of Worth,
And like the * *Poliſh* Medal does diſplay, * *Shaftsbury.*
What homage Men to Diſobedience pay;

And

As I, in order to ſurvey the whole,
Examine not their Features but their Soul.
Firſt, for his Worſhip, once that was, whoſe Face
Sounds forth Sedition in the Midmoſt-Place,
And ſtands expos'd to ev'ry Creatures Eyes,
For his Pretenſions to be reckon'd Wiſe,
Much better had he minded Scraps of Law,
To keep his Neighbours Ignorance in awe,
Por'd over *Dalton's Juſtice* all his Life,
To ſtand as Arbiter in caſe of Strife,
Then came to Town, Superiors to perſuade,
And have his *Mittimus* by Speaker made,
Who Cag'd him cloſely up to let us ſee,
Others knew better things by far than he;
And he that griev'd that *War*, and *Tax* ſhould ceaſe,
Was turn'd from his Commiſſion of the *Peace*;
Elſe had he ſtill at Goal Delivery's State,
And on the Bench by Judge had worn his Hat,
Look'd in his Hall as grave as any Saint,
Whilſt new tap'd Maid gave in her ſad Complaint,
And full of Court'ſies dap'd, and greez'd his Clerk,
In hopes ſhe ſhould be made to Wed her Spark.
The Brother's Image comes the next in view,
And makes a mighty Figure, giv't its due,
With his *Half Moon*, and Arms about his Head,
When he by the *whole* Planet has been led,
If Madneſs from her influence takes it rize,
Or Frenzies are accounted Lunacies.

A Man of Honour, ventrous of his Life,
Witneſs his bold Eſcape to kiſs his Wife,
When he drawn home by her attractive Tail,
S-------'d, and came back again *to go to Jayl.*
P-------ll's the Third in place, but firſt in Fame,
If Riches can advance their Owner's Name.
Empty, God knows, and deſtitute of Brains
As any ſoul alive without his *Gains.*
Forward to Heighten things of no Account,
And Magnify a Mole-Hill to a Mount:
Elſe had he let ſome other Fool declare,
The Bench of Juſtices exceeding Care,
As he by Proxy ſpoke his want of Thought,
And *ſent* the ſage Advice, he wiſely *brought.*
Now for the Crafty *Scotchman* by deſcent,
Tho' Fortune has tranſplanted him to *Kent,*
A Fool of ſome diſtinction and of Note,
From the Rich Claſps the Engraver gives his Coat.
Sure he miſtook, or did it by Deſign,
To laugh at what he made ſo wond'rous fine,
Since every one might ſee with half an Eye,
He gave him what all *Scotland* could not buy,
With Party-colour'd-Plod he ſhould be clad,
To ſhew us what he *was,* by what he *had.*
The laſt with *Lyon Rampant,* brave's our ſight,
And calls for *War* that angry Beaſt delight
When he himſelf declines to Liſt and Fight.

'Tis

'Tis pity, one would think, a Man ſo Bold,
Should ſtay at home and fling the Dice for Gold,
As he commences Law Suits to his Coſt,
And ſeeks at *VVeſtminſter* for Monies loſt,
E'en let him mount his Horſe, and graſp his Shield,
And ſearch for Fame amidſt the *Belgick* Field,
His Friends the *Dutch* may probably convince,
Peace ought to be eſteem'd by Men of ſenſe,
While Trade goes on, and every Subject finds,
Their Bodies eaſy, and content their Minds.
Theſe, are the *Five Wiſe-acres* in eſteem,
The Country's Triumph, and the City's Theme,
That made a certain Sheriff quit his ſtate,
And come Incognito to ſhew his Hate,
And rail againſt the Pow'r he ſacred held,
Till he had been ſpew'd out, and twice Expell'd,
Once more perhaps, in hopes to repreſent,
A certain Burrough, ſince it lyes in *Kent.*
Oh! may the next approaching Seſſion ſhew,
What deference to Parliaments is due;
Aſſert their Rights, and vindicate their Fame,
From this Impertinence of Noiſe and Shame,
That furniſhes the City with Diſcourſe,
And make's our *Presbyterians* Rail and Curſe;
As one day they receive deſerv'd Returns,
And ſneakingly pull in their ſprouting Horns.
May the Petitioners that took ſuch pains,
To ſhew their penury of Senſe and Brains,

Be ſent for up again from their Eſtates,
And forc'd once more to look thro' *Gate-houſe* Grates.
May the Dull Fools that met 'em on *Black Heath*,
To bite and ſnarl and idly ſhew their teeth,
Be plagu'd with Meſſengers and Warrants vext,
And the whole ſinful County doubly Tax'd,
To ſhew that Pow'r theſe Male-contents deſpiſe,
And keep thoſe in Obedience that would *riſe*,
While thoſe that are not of the murm'ring Tribe
Submit to Means our Parliaments preſcribe,
And own, with Thanks, that *Harley* ſaves the Land,
And Juſtice flows in Streams from *Seymour*'s hand.

FINIS.

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